

Becoming Cyberhuman

Callimachus, writing in Alexandria in the third century BCE, declared that he hated the “broad road” where the crowd went to and fro. He hated the cyclic epic, the long poem that repeated Homer’s formulas, the common wells from which everyone drank. He wanted poetry that was rare, compressed, sharp — epigrams like shards of

obsidian. In his smallness was survival. “A big book is a big evil,” he said, and by turning away from the broad road, he carved a narrow path that still echoes more than two millennia later.

Freud, in the twentieth century, would call this kind of narrowing sublimation. For him, human instincts — especially erotic energy — were too raw to be lived directly. Civilization itself

depended on finding ways to redirect that energy into form: into philosophy, science, art, even devotion. Sublimation wasn't erasure; it was transformation. A drive becomes a poem, a fantasy becomes a theory, a raw hunger becomes an artwork. What Callimachus had framed as style, Freud reframed as necessity. Without sublimation, society collapses back into instinct.

Nietzsche took the next step. For him, sublimation was not compromise but transfiguration. The Übermensch is not the one who suppresses instincts, but the one who reshapes them into new values. To walk the narrow path is not to obey civilization's rules but to invent new rules of one's own. In his sense, becoming human is not enough; one must become more than human by forging form out of

flux. To say “yes” to transformation, to turn chaos into creation, is the road beyond the herd.

And here we are in the twenty-first century, living inside the strange afterlife of these ideas. Instinct flows as endlessly as ever: hunger, grief, lust, boredom, rage. But the medium of transformation has changed. The archive is no longer a shelf of papyrus or a library

of scrolls; it is digital,
planetary, infinite.

Archive.org, YouTube,
Instagram, Wikipedia — file
upon file, billions of
fragments. What Callimachus
did in epigrams, what Freud
saw in sublimation, what
Nietzsche dreamt as the
Übermensch — today we
glimpse as the cyberhuman,
the being who metabolizes
experience into digital
artefact.

The cyberhuman does not transcend mortality by conquering it. The body still ages, grief still strikes, loss still wounds. But the cyberhuman carries a different wager: that memory can be externalized, that the fragments of inner life can endure outside the skin.

Photos of painted toes, poems of grief, recordings of music, essays on ancient poets — all of these can be placed into the planetary

brain. There, they cease to be products (ephemeral, consumed and forgotten) and become artefacts (stored, layered, linked, enduring).

This is not immortality in the old religious sense, nor the philosophical afterlife of Plato's *Phaedo*. It is a practical metamorphosis: to survive, one must contribute to the brain of the species. Every upload, every archive, is a neuron in that brain. And

just as the Alexandrian library once held the memory of the Greek world, so the digital archive now holds the memory of humanity. If it endures, we endure. If it collapses, we collapse. The wager is absolute.

To become cyberhuman is to accept this: that desire, grief, and imagination can no longer be lived only in private flesh. They must be metabolized into form — into

artefact, into Archive. It is
sublimation at scale,
Nietzsche's transfiguration in
circuitry. The cyberhuman
does not merely consume.
The cyberhuman builds. Not
the broad road, not the
roaming lover, not every well
— but the narrow path of
fragments that endure.

And just as Callimachus
ended his poetics with irony,
we too must smile at our
seriousness. The cyberhuman

is not a god, but a librarian;
not a conqueror, but a builder
of files. What endures is not
the empire or the oath, but
the shard: the epigram, the
essay, the photo, the sound.
These are the synapses of the
new brain.

Epigram

Not flesh alone —

but file and shard.

Thus we become more than
human:

cyberhuman,
builders of the enduring brain.